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I expect no one to agree with all this for the next quarter of a century; but after that I have hopes. The world will grow tired of pretending to admire Manichean pictures in an age of natural science, and of building churches on the popish model for Protestant worship; and art will let the dead bury their dead; and beginning again where Michael Angelo and Raphael left off, work forward into a nobler, truer, freer, and more divine school than the world has yet seen—at least so I hope.—P. 419.

And of Mr. Ruskin, praise from such a writer as Kingsley has peculiar weight. The form is of a dialogue.

"Are there not in his books more and finer passages of descriptive poetry—word-painting—call them what you will—than in any other prose work in the English language?"

"Not a doubt of it, my dear Claude; but it will not do for every one to try Mr. Ruskin's tools. Neither you nor I possess that almost Roman severity, that stern precision of conception and expression, which enable him to revel in the most gorgeous language without ever letting it pall upon the reader's taste by affectation or over-lusciousness. His style is like the very hills, whose woods enrich, without enervating the grand simplicity of their forms. Like, too, the glorious Norman cathedrals, of which he is so fond, rather magnified than concealed by the innumerable multiplicity of its ornamental chasing and coloring."

In closing it is suggestive to note the differing grounds that these two divines assume as the reason of the visible accessions that the Romish church has, of a few years past, made in England. Mr. Robertson accounts the loss to Protestantism as arising from the natural dependence of the soul, which finds nothing but dogmatical controversy among denominations; and longing for a sustaining arm, sees the offered one of Rome, as presenting God as a *fact*, and not a highly probable supposition. Many minds, he contends, can only find rest in certainties like that, and the internal disputes of Protestantism present nothing of the kind. *A stern fact allures the craving soul.* On the other hand, Mr. Kingsley writes with corresponding largeness of thought, but almost in an opposite direction. He thinks that the Reformation, in ignoring the certain artistic tendencies that the human being can hardly live without, failed of one of the highest ends. The Romish church supplies this desire in its legends, its pictures, its traditions; and minds, that are so imaginative that they can only rest where their imagination can also play, are drawn irresistibly to it. Therein has Protestantism sinned, and to-day is discovering that she has sinned, and such sins are working their own cure. He allies it to that great revulsionary reaction, in Germany, of a half-century ago when Schlegel led the way in the recantation of the Protestant formulæ: *The symbol of a fact allures the craving soul.* We are not sure that Truth does not lie equally with each; and that it is these seemingly opposite truths brought together, that has given, and is giving, Romanism its strength. The respective side of this Truth that each of these writers discovers, is strongly suggestive of their two characters.

W.

## HISTORY OF THE EMPIRE OF KIANG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

No sooner had my corps of mandarins commenced their operations, than I set myself to work to find the most favorable market for my literary undertaking. Having always been imbued with a wholesome respect for Yankee enterprise, Yankee appreciation, Yankee intelligence, Yankee generosity, Yankee everything, it needed no arguments to persuade me that a Yankee public was the public *par excellence* for my History of Kiang. Besides, had I selected England, enterprising Yankee publishers would have found a way to print my history "a leetle" in advance of my London agents, and if I hate one thing more than another, it is to have some one come the Yankee over me.

The next thing in order was whom to select among all the publishers, printers, and editors of books, newspapers, and periodicals, that offer themselves to a literary caterer in the extensive country of the stars and stripes. I promptly issued the following circular to parties interested, all over the United States, in order to resolve this problem:

NANKIN, January, 1868.

Esq.

DEAR SIR: I am preparing a *History of the Empire of Kiang*—a history which, considering the antiquity of the empire, and my known ability as a historian, cannot fail to be instructive and interesting to the public. Please to inform me by return mail of the circulation of your periodical (or in case of a publisher, of the extent of your business connection), of the class of readers you are likely to reach, and what terms you are willing to offer for the use of the manuscript.

Yours truly,

N. SCRIBERTUS.

The following are samples of the numerous answers I received:

NEW YORK, April, 1868.

HON. N. SCRIBERTUS.

DEAR SIR: I shall be very happy to publish your History of Kiang. My business connections extend all over the United States, and comprise the most intelligent portion of our citizens. My terms are very simple: you will receive one half of the net profits, after paying the cost of publication, commissions, storage, advertising, editorial notices, interest, risk, insurance, canvassers' fees, and other incidental expenses. You will oblige us by an early reply, inclosing a liberal remittance to cover immediate expenses, in order to keep down the interest account.

Yours respectfully,

L. LEON,  
Publisher.

NEW YORK, April, 1868.

N. SCRIBERTUS, Esq.

DEAR SIR: You propose to publish a history of Kiang, and refer to your known ability as a historian as guaranty of its excellence. We regret to say that we never heard of you before; and what is more, your ability as a historian, if you have any, can only become known through the daily press. We should advise you to publish a sample chapter of your history in our widely circulated journal, and follow up with liberal advertisements which we are always willing to enforce with a proportionate amount of editorial comment. We also connect with

our establishment a job printing office, where your history may be printed at reasonable rates. We can recommend binders, canvassers, etc., who will faithfully attend to the sale of your book. Terms, cash in advance.

Yours truly,

AMES OGDEN EMMET,  
Editor of the *Daily Imposter*.

NEW YORK, April, 1858.

N. SCRIBERTUS, Esq.

DEAR SIR: As a citizen of the United States, you cannot fail to be acquainted with our Weekly Pictorial. We should much like to see a sample of your history—say two or three hundred pages. If it is written in a popular style, not too tedious, if it is judiciously interspersed with interesting and attractive incident, and contains nothing that may be considered objectionable to the family circle by discriminating critics of our social fireside, we will be glad to publish it in weekly installments not exceeding two columns and a half. You would be expected, of course, to furnish woodcut illustrations—that is, we should charge you for furnishing them ourselves, but they would come much cheaper to you, as we have on hand large quantities of second hand woodcuts, which, with judicious selection, and occasional variations in the text, may be made to answer the purpose.

You cannot expect to realize *much* from your history, until you make an extensive reputation (which you cannot fail to enjoy by publishing in our Weekly); you can then venture upon an edition in book-form, which we will be most happy to arrange for you on the most favorable terms of the trade.

Yours respectfully,  
CLAPPET BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, May 1858.

N. SCRIBERTUS, Esq.

SIR: We must decline to publish your History of Kiang. Chinese history presumes upon an antiquity entirely incompatible with the teachings of revelation. It is surprising to us that a man of your ability should spend valuable time (which ought to be employed in the service of God) in searching out and giving publicity to heathen fables, impudently denominated history.

Yours,

SAMUEL TWANG,  
Editor of the *Religious Vindicator*.

NEW YORK, June, 1858.

N. SCRIBERTUS, Esq.

DEAR SIR: It is really embarrassing to give a definite answer to the interrogatories you did me the honor to forward to me. I have no doubt that you will favor the world with a literary production of no small merit by the publication of your History of Kiang, but whether I shall insert it in the Ladies' Journal depends on so many contingencies, that I must take the liberty to address to you a few inquiries before I can enter upon negotiations for your manuscript.

Do you intend to enlarge upon the social condition of the Chinese—say the fashions, their love affairs, marriages, courtships, descriptions of their nobility, coats of arms, sports, dances, poetry, music, etc., etc.? Do you propose to give interesting personal histories of distinguished kings, knights, and courtiers, with their private adventures and public exploits? Will you clothe your history in language polite, such as will grace the pages of a highly fashionable periodical, that is always found on the toilet table of every lady of the land?

If you do, I shall feel highly honored in counting you among my contributors, and as such you will be entitled to a copy of the Ladies' Journal, including a steel plate, annually, which this year is to be—The Empress Eugenia, in her hunting-dress, on horseback.

Most respectfully,

Your obdt. servant,

PHENIX PECK.

I might give you many more of a similar stamp, but will conclude with the one I accepted:

NEW YORK, April, 1858.

MR. N. SCRIBERTUS.

SIR: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think of these things" (St. Paul), is the motto of a periodical called THE CRAYON, which may be as unknown to you as you are to me, in spite of your reputation as a historian. If you think your history will answer the conditions of my motto, send it along, and if I agree with you, I will remit the cash to the full value of your manuscript. I must not omit to mention that, compared with the monster editions of the day, THE CRAYON has but few readers. Of their intelligence you may judge by the inclosed numbers, which you will please accept.

Yours respectfully,  
J. DURAND.

There was Hobson's choice. Lion would give me half the profits and ask no questions; but where is the microscope that will convey to the brain a picture of that valuable half after the settlement for publishing, advertising, puffing, canvassing, storing, selling, risking, insuring, and incidentally expending upon the History of Kiang? I am fearful Lion's share would be the biggest after all. But, what is adding insult to injury is the cash remittance to keep down the interest account. It takes all my ready cash to keep my mandarins in rice and tea; where, in the name of Shakspeare, shall I raise a remittance!

Emmet, the editor of the *Daily Imposter*, wants the whole of it, and when I have given him all I can raise, he is willing to let me shift for myself. What a pity that

"I also am born in Yankee land."

The *Weekly Pictorial* I shall ever remember with gratitude and admiration, and recommend it to the families of the first mandarins of the country, wood-cuts and all.

The *Religious Vindicator* reminds me very forcibly of my friends the mandarins. We, they say, are the inhabitants of the flowery kingdom—the centre of the earth, and all the rest of you are outside barbarians—and all the Chinese echo "outside barbarians."

I would beg to assure Mr. Phenix Peck that I have not seen a pair of kid gloves since I got married many years ago, and though I should much desire to possess "that engraving of the Empress Eugenia," I shall, I am afraid, have to forego that pleasure.

I like the impudence of the CRAYON, and if I don't like it—what then? It's the only chance. He ignores my reputation as a historian.—That wounds my vanity.—But he will pay the cash if my history is good for anything.

Here is an opportunity to redeem myself, and, what is equally important—to feed my mandarins.

But stop! he says the CRAYON has but few readers!—The wise are but few; the rich are but few; the learned are but few; the powerful are but few. To write for the rabble is to write oneself an ass. Therefore, here goes for the next number—"History of the Empire of Kiang."

### THE T SQUARES.

CUTE GREEN.—THE BUILDING COMMITTEE.  
(Concluded.)

"A MAN of Cute Green's ability could not remain long in his capacity as one of a building committee, without being advanced to the highest functions of his office. We first find him the chairman of a sub-committee of two to close contracts for building the new church.

"Mr. Pinch," says the chairman, 'we have here proposals from all the contractors that have been requested to bid for the erection of our church; the lowest bid is that of Mr. Clearstuff—John Clearstuff—a very respectable mechanic, I believe. What do you propose to do with it?' Mr. Pinch suggested the propriety of inviting Mr. Clearstuff to close a contract.

"Stop a minute," interposed the chairman; 'of course we can do that at any time; but could you not first induce Mr. Clearstuff to reduce his bid? You see, a saving of a couple of thousand or even five hundred would be very acceptable.' 'I know of no inducement,' replied Mr. Pinch, 'which would prompt Mr. Clearstuff to reduce his bid, he now being the lowest of all competitors.'

"Mr. Green.—How is he to know *that* fact unless you tell him so, and besides, you know the firm of John Reckless & Son, builders, offered to do the work for considerable less.

"Mr. Pinch.—The Reckless firm have never entered a written offer, and besides you know they are out of the question.

"Mr. Green.—To be sure—wouldn't have them on any account—poor mechanics, and insolent at that; but still, it is sufficient for you, as the architect, to represent to Mr. Clearstuff that we have bids much lower than his offer, and unless he was willing to abate, say a thousand dollars, we could not give him the contract.

"Mr. Pinch.—I should hardly consider such a course consistent with my professional duties, and would prefer that such negotiation should not be carried on through my agency.

"Mr. Green.—Your professional views are entirely impractical. However, I will negotiate with Mr. Clearstuff myself if you will send him to me. Let me see—what will I say to him? I have got it. Supposing I say that his bid is rather higher than others we had received, but as you had recommended him very highly as a mechanic, we should afford him another opportunity to review his estimate. You will see if he don't come down handsomely.

"Mr. Pinch.—I should beg you not to refer to me in the matter at all. If you desire to see Mr. Clearstuff, and direct me to write him a note to that effect, I shall feel obliged to do so, but I must again request you not to mention my name in your negotiation.

"Next morning Mr. Clearstuff called at the office. He had called upon Mr. Green in pursuance of a note received from Mr. Pinch. Mr. Green expressed a high regard for Mr. Clearstuff as a mechanic and a man, but regretted that his bid should be

so much higher than others received by the committee. Mr. Green would give Mr. Clearstuff an opportunity to review his figures, and prepare another bid, which he, Mr. Green, would request the building committee to take into consideration before they finally decided the matter. John Clearstuff did not like Mr. Green's suavity and had not implicit faith in his statements. He requested Mr. Pinch to tell him whether he was really much higher in his offer than other mechanics. He meant to make his offer as low as he safely could without risk of a loss, for he was very anxious to get the job.

"Mr. Pinch regretted that his duties as the architect prevented him from giving the desired information, and referred him to his own sound judgment and his sense of justice to his competitors to govern his action in the matter. The consequence was a complete failure in Mr. Green's financial manoeuvres.

"Disappointed in this and many other efforts to distinguish himself by his advice in council or in the management of affairs, ignored by Mr. Pinch and the mechanics, who soon appreciated his character, and smarting under continual defeats at the hands of Mr. Sharp, Mr. Green resolved to establish himself a great pillar of the church by concocting a deep-laid scheme to effect an entire revolution in the plans. One day he called at the office quite early in the morning, evidently to make a business of it, and told Mr. Pinch coolly that he could by no means approve of his design for the new house of worship. This announcement was the more startling inasmuch as the building was nearly half finished. Mr. Pinch, naturally of a modest turn of mind, and needing more the stimulus of encouragement and praise than that of harsh and abrupt criticism, inquired what there was in his plans that had roused Mr. Green's displeasure to such a degree as to call for an expression of disapprobation at this late hour, when an alteration was almost impossible. 'The fact is,' said Mr. Green, 'you have designed us a *church*—a very good thing in its way; but we don't want a church—we want a *hall* to preach in.'

"Mr. Pinch.—This is contrary to the instructions I received from the original building committee. They desired me distinctly to design for them a church. I endeavored to do so, and according to your own opinion I have succeeded.

"Mr. Green.—To be sure you have; but our committee did not know what they wanted, and at that time, you will remember, I was in Europe. Had I been here, I should have explained to them and to you that we needed a preaching hall—an audience room—an amphitheatre—a concert room—an opera house, or anything else rather than a *church*. We want a room where a preacher can be seen and heard by a large number of people, who, in their turn, are to be comfortably seated in such a way that they can also see each other—a room that is light, airy, cheerful—none of your dim religious light, vaulted ceilings, large stone columns—all that smells of popery; we don't believe in such things; we want to hear a good sermon, in a pleasant, sociable, comfortable room, without architectural flummery and popish contrivances.

"Mr. Pinch.—And ought not a church, or, if you please, a house of worship, also be a fit place for prayer and communion with God? Should not such a building be distinguishable in its character from buildings devoted to secular purposes? Is it not desirable that our churches, or meeting-houses, if you please, should be monuments expressive of our religious sentiments, our piety, and our devotion. And again, do they not form an important element towards impressing our hearts with